



This is a digital copy of a book that was preserved for generations on library shelves before it was carefully scanned by Google as part of a project to make the world's books discoverable online.

It has survived long enough for the copyright to expire and the book to enter the public domain. A public domain book is one that was never subject to copyright or whose legal copyright term has expired. Whether a book is in the public domain may vary country to country. Public domain books are our gateways to the past, representing a wealth of history, culture and knowledge that's often difficult to discover.

Marks, notations and other marginalia present in the original volume will appear in this file - a reminder of this book's long journey from the publisher to a library and finally to you.

Usage guidelines

Google is proud to partner with libraries to digitize public domain materials and make them widely accessible. Public domain books belong to the public and we are merely their custodians. Nevertheless, this work is expensive, so in order to keep providing this resource, we have taken steps to prevent abuse by commercial parties, including placing technical restrictions on automated querying.

We also ask that you:

- + *Make non-commercial use of the files* We designed Google Book Search for use by individuals, and we request that you use these files for personal, non-commercial purposes.
- + *Refrain from automated querying* Do not send automated queries of any sort to Google's system: If you are conducting research on machine translation, optical character recognition or other areas where access to a large amount of text is helpful, please contact us. We encourage the use of public domain materials for these purposes and may be able to help.
- + *Maintain attribution* The Google "watermark" you see on each file is essential for informing people about this project and helping them find additional materials through Google Book Search. Please do not remove it.
- + *Keep it legal* Whatever your use, remember that you are responsible for ensuring that what you are doing is legal. Do not assume that just because we believe a book is in the public domain for users in the United States, that the work is also in the public domain for users in other countries. Whether a book is still in copyright varies from country to country, and we can't offer guidance on whether any specific use of any specific book is allowed. Please do not assume that a book's appearance in Google Book Search means it can be used in any manner anywhere in the world. Copyright infringement liability can be quite severe.

About Google Book Search

Google's mission is to organize the world's information and to make it universally accessible and useful. Google Book Search helps readers discover the world's books while helping authors and publishers reach new audiences. You can search through the full text of this book on the web at <http://books.google.com/>

NYPL RESEARCH LIBRARIES



3 3433 07603607 2









NBHI

Rock





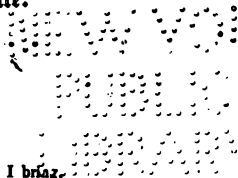


ROSE BUDS;

A

NEW-YEAR OFFERING TO MY FRIENDS.

By Harriette.



"Little buds to you I bring,

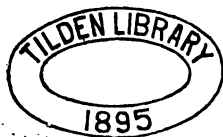
Nature's simplest offering."

NEW-YORK :

GREEN & SPENCER, 140 NASSAU-STREET.

1849.

PROV. MUSEUM
JULY 1904
TOWN



LEAVITT, TROW & Co., Prs.,
49 Ann-street.

CONTENTS.

	PAGE
CONSTANTIA,	5
MUSINGS,	19
THE RETURN OF A DEPARTED SPIRIT,	25
"SHE IS NOT DEAD, BUT SLEEPETH,"	29
INVOCATION,	33
THE ANSWERED PRAYER,	37
THE COMING OF NIGHT,	43
THE WOODS AT TWILIGHT,	47
GOOD NIGHT,	49
THE LAST TRIAL,	51
THE BUTTERFLY'S VISIT,	55
THE LETTER,	57
THE POWER OF MUSIC,	61
<i>FAR AWAY,</i>	6

	PAGE
A DESTINY,	65
"WHOSOEVER WILL, LET HIM COME,"	69
"ARE THEY NOT ALL MINISTERING SPIRITS?" .	73
ST. VALENTINE'S DAY, , . . .	75
THE LAMENT OF THE WATCHER,	77

ROSE BUDS.



CONSTANTIA.

'Tis night on Rome ! and through the arching blue
Of Italy's clear heaven, come, one by one,
The host of stars to light their angel-lamps
At the last beacon of the parting day.
'Tis night on Rome ! sleep to the weary babe,
Love's sweetest dreams to young unclouded souls,
The dance and song and revel to the gay,
And steadfast toil to those who thirst for fame,

Come with the eloquent stillness of the hour !
The crescent moon, with soft, mysterious gaze,
Looks downward where the Coliseum rears
In solemn stillness, its majestic front.
Through prison-bars she throws a chequered beam,
Yet brings no light to thine enshadowed soul,
Young, innocent Constantia. Never more
Shall the cool night, with her attendant stars,
Greet those soft, loving eyes. It is the hour
Of weakness, when thy fervent, woman-soul
Clings achingly to earth ; when faith grows dim,
And the deep, searching agony of love
Wrings the poor heart with voiceless tenderness ;
When tears come not to ease the bitter throb,
The last deep anguish of sick heart and brain ;
And the firm will, the calm, enduring soul,
Bend like slight reeds in the resistless gush
Of love and sorrow ! Where, oh ! where shall Hope
Find even a thread to cling to—when the pall
Of Death is falling fast to still the pulse,

And wrap the warm limbs in its icy folds.
Grief hath an eloquence which Joy knows not ;
Tears swell the fountains of the heart, till floods
Of burning words pour forth, and those pure wells
Of thought once troubled, never more are calm.
Such words, such tears are hers, the young, the fair,
The angel innocent, as now she pours
Her spirit on the night.

Alas ! must I depart ?
Shall the deep silence of the sealed tomb
Wrap in its awful unimagined gloom
This full and throbbing heart ?

The night is fair above ;
Its voices murmur softly to my soul,
And clouds across my spirit-vision roll,
And shapes around me move,

The tremblingly adored,
Before whose earthly shrine my heart bowed down,
Fearless its deep idolatry to own
Its mighty love outpoured !

Sweet sister ! thy soft eye
Looks on me pleadingly ! Ah ! can it be,
My second self, that never more on thee
I look before I die ?

Oh, father ! tempt me not !
My father, on whose proud and loving breast
I found my earthly paradise of rest
Too safe and sweet a lot !

Yes ! thy deep voice was near,
And yet my soul was strong ; I would not leave
My Saviour-God, earth's sweetest air to breathe,
Though life and breath be dear !

And thou ! whose image twined
With every thought, comes tearfully to me,
Till prayer itself is linked with dreams of thee
In this poor wavering mind,

Oh ! look not thus ! mine own,
The shaded depths of thy dark, earnest eyes,
Speak all the deep, deep agony that lies
In thy true heart alone.

My God ! in this sad hour
Of weakness, hear ! Oh, pity, save, defend ;
Come thou to me, mine own Almighty Friend,
With high sustaining power !

Oh ! let me lean on thee !
Supported by thine everlasting arm,
I fear not Death ! he hath no power to harm
Those whom the Lord makes free !

Oh, timid heart, be strong ! He gives thee rest !
Lean safely on his kind supporting breast.
Sleep ! thy last night of earthly rest has come—
The morning light shall call the wanderer home !

The lengthened lines of dawning gray
Were yielding to the soft rose light,
Which in the sky of Italy,
Succeeds the shadows of the night ;
And in the misty twilight lay
The mighty towers of Rome ;
While through the hush of new-born day,
From fragrant meadows far away
Life's waking murmurs come.
The lowing herd, the shepherd-calls,
The gush of distant waterfalls
Awake the dewy air,
And gleaming in the rosy light

Stand fluted columns, snowy white,
Round Vesta's temple fair.

A bridegroom from his chamber comes
The Sun, in morning robe of flame,
The empress City's thousand homes,
Her palaces and marble domes,
Gleam through the golden rain ;—
And like the beam in heavenward flight
From seraph pinions shed,
His rays, in pure and waving light,
Rest on Constantia's head :
And on her ringlets' golden gleam
The casement shadow lies,
As in the lovely morning dream
She rests with veiled eyes.
This grated cell—this dungeon gloom,
Ah ! can it be a fitting home

For one so young and bright ?
And yet the smile her features wear,
Half sanctifies the prison air,
And sheds a spirit-light
On dusky arch and vaulted door,
Which many a frightful record bore
Of those, who in that den before
Had passed their life's last night.

Ah ! wake her not from that sweet rest.
No more may those soft eyelids close
Above her spirit's deep repose,
Unutterably blest !

Yet now those fringed lids must rise
To meet the gaze of stranger eyes,—
They lead her forth to die !
But God is with her, and her brow

Bears his own holy impress now,
Her martyr-crown is nigh.
The light within those radiant eyes
Is that which beamed in Paradise,
When first the sinless world began,
And God and angels walked with man.

The place of death before her stands,—
The joyous morning air
Brings thousand sweets from distant lands,
As with calm brow and clasped hands
The martyr kneels in prayer.
She heedeth not the gathering crowd,
She heedeth not their murmurs loud,
Nor deigns to glance upon the throne,
Where, seated in his pride alone,
The mighty Emperor of Rome
Looks on to see her die.

In Roman maiden's robe of snow,
With clasping hands and placid brow,
And deep imploring eye ;
Low to the martyr's God she kneels,
When suddenly a glance reveals
A maiden to her side, who steals
And bends in silence there ;—
And all might wonder then to see,
How like to one the two might be,
And both so strangely fair.
As in a glass, face answers face,
Reflected seemed each form of grace,
So like, the mother scarce had known
The infant's name, when one alone
Into her arms was given ;—
Even as a fair and waveless lake,
Which never a mountain breeze doth wake,
In its still depths the hue will take
Of the far distant heaven.

Oh ! who shall know the loving power
Of woman's heart,—the priceless dower
Of will to do and might to dare,
And strength to conquer and to bear,
Which calms the heart and lights the eye
Of one who comes for love to die !

With searching eye and anxious brow,
Constantia gazes on her now,
Though to her heart too deeply dear,
Why comes proud Marcus' daughter here ?
Yet ere her lips a sound might frame,
Or utter young Valeria's name,
The fatal summons comes to claim
The Christian maiden's life.
“ Constantia ! ” and alike reply
The maidens both, “ 'Tis I ! ” “ 'Tis I ! ”
In love's devoted strife.

The trembling listeners hold their breath,
So doubtful seems the choice of death.
A moment, and a murmuring sound
Breaks from the multitude around,
And loud and wild tumultuous cries
Beside the monarch's throne arise.
But hushed each voice as Cæsar stands,
And with imperial word commands,
To set the maidens free ;
And instant at the joyful sight,
A shout of triumph and delight
Rings through that human sea ;
And voices of rejoicing come
To break the hush of that sad home,
Where mingles in one bitter tone,
A father's deep and anguished moan,
And manly sorrow's deeper groan,
Wrung from a proud, sad heart.
Yet ere the threshold they might gain,

Borne by the crowd along the plain,
They clasp the lovely ones again,
On earth no more to part ;
And o'er that late deserted roof,
Hope weaves once more her magic woof,
While on Italia's dewy sod,
They kneel, and bless Constantia's God.

The trembling listeners hold their breath,
So doubtful seems the choice of death.
A moment, and a murmuring sound
Breaks from the multitude around,
And loud and wild tumultuous cries
Beside the monarch's throne arise.
But hushed each voice as Cæsar stands,
And with imperial word commands,
To set the maidens free ;
And instant at the joyful sight,
A shout of triumph and delight
Rings through that human sea ;
And voices of rejoicing come
To break the hush of that sad home,
Where mingles in one bitter tone,
A father's deep and anguished moan,
And manly sorrow's deeper groan,
Wrung from a proud, sad heart.
Yet ere the threshold they might gain,

Borne by the crowd along the plain,
They clasp the lovely ones again,
On earth no more to part ;
And o'er that late deserted roof,
Hope weaves once more her magic woof,
While on Italia's dewy sod,
They kneel, and bless Constantia's God.

MUSINGS.

Ask me not why I should sit
In a strange and musing fit,
Why my hand is idle now
Resting on a thoughtful brow,
Why I often start and seem
Like one waking from a dream !
Thinkest thou my spirit then
Fashioned like to common men ?
Wondering that it hath no tone
With an answer to thine own ?
Hast not known my wond'rous lot
On the earth, but of it not ?

Visions all unknown to thee
Come as daily guests to me,
Fancies float across my brain
Which I vainly would retain :
Painted scenes of old romance,
Shapes of ancient time advance
Mingled with familiar faces,
Dreams of half-forgotten places,
Sounds of whispering forest leaves,
Rain-drops falling from the eaves,
Moonlight on the city walls,
And the voice of waterfalls—
Sights like these mine inward eye
Doth with certain sight descry ;
Sounds like these, distinct and clear,
Fall upon my mental ear,
As I muse apart, alone,
In beatitude unknown.

And a conscious presence stirs
Of bright angel ministers ;
And sweet murmured words I hear
From young voices floating near.
In the web of earnest thought
Many a varied hue is wrought.
Ere I wake from such sweet trance,
Turn on life a saddened glance,
Feel, alas ! my mortal chain
Drag me down to earth again.

When I lay me down to rest
With a quiet happiness,
As my weary eyelids close,
And I sink to soft repose,
Hovering half 'twixt sleep and wake,
Other forms my fancies take,
And a vision, clear, defined,
Is revealed unto my mind,

Maiden-like, with folded hair,
Thoughtful eyes and forehead fair ;
Then her form doth onward pass
Like the image in a glass ;
And the shape that comes instead,
Is of some majestic head,
Flowing locks made white by Time,
Curling beard and eye sublime,
Such as artists love to paint
As some venerated saint.
Now it fades without a trace,
Changed into a cherub face,
Gazing with its loving eyes,
Fixed in innocent surprise
On the dreamer, who at last
Sleeps in peace, her wanderings past.

Sleeping ? nay, my spirit-steed
Hath for rest, nor time, nor need !

Up, away ! a bolder flight
In the stillness of the night !
Then o'er far-off seas I pass,
Clear as sheets of melted glass,
Where a thousand islands float
Each a green and tiny boat,
Barky mast and leafy sail,
Waving in the southern gale.
Next my wanderings I pursue
Far in regions wild and new,
Where the Eastern palm-trees grow
Lofty as the mountain's brow,
Or inhale with gentle sigh
Far-famed gales of Araby.
Oft with eager feet I climb
Up the steep of distant Time,
And hold converse, grave and sweet,
With the worthies whom I meet.

I have passed where Cesar slept—
O'er Napoleon's death-bed wept—
Boldly stood th' observed of all
On the Athenian hill with Paul—
Followed o'er Judea's sod
Footsteps of the Son of God,
Wept with him in deepest woe
O'er fair Zion's towers below,
Till at length the morning gray
Calls me from my dreams away.
In the temple where I dwell,
Fancy weaves her fairest spell ;
Such a life as mine, I ween
Doth to thee a marvel seem ;
As I write with careless hand
What thou canst not understand,
Caring not that there should be
Knowledge in thy mind of me.

THE RETURN OF A DEPARTED SPIRIT.

WHEN the still midnight reigns o'er sky and ocean,
Ere yet the day break and the shadows flee,
Recalled to Earth by life's one deep emotion,
I come to thee !

I, who in life had not a thought or feeling
Unshared by thee, mine idol and my bride,
Here in the dimness of thy chamber kneeling
Am by thy side !

This eve, a voice unto thine ear hath spoken
Words which my widowed love should never hear ;
While thou wert listening, hadst thou not a token
That I was near ?

Was not the echo of my voice around thee,
While thou wert welcoming another's tone ?
Didst thou not feel the spirit-chain that bound thee
To me alone ?

Canst thou forget me ? thou, whose young heart's beating
Was but the softened echo of mine own,
Canst thou forget the parting and the meeting
We two have known ?

By the remembrance of that blessed union
Which linked our hearts in tenderness and truth,
The holy sympathy, the sweet communion
Of early youth,—

By the idolatry which lavished on thee
Its treasures since the hour when first we met,
Which fixed in death its parting look upon thee,
Canst thou forget ?

, deem not thus, although my voice may never
gle again its joyous tones with thine,
earthly hand the viewless bond may sever
Which holds thee mine.

thou wouldst shun the sad and hopeless yearning,
deep repentance o'er a broken vow,
thou wouldst feel thine earthly peace returning,
Think on me now.

in this silent hour beside thee prayeth,
who, though sleeping, would not be forgot.
that deep love which conquered death, still sayeth,
Forsake me not !

•

“ SHE IS NOT DEAD, BUT SLEEPETH.”

SHE hath gone,
She hath left her early home,
We are in it all alone.
By the hearth a vacant place,
In the heart a lonely space ;
Yet her presence leaves a spell
O'er the home she loved so well :
Still her gentle voice we hear,
While her shadow falleth near ;
Still her hand is on the door
And her light step on the floor.
She hath hallowed every spot
Where she was, and now is not !

Yet we weep not, for we know
She was blessed thus to go.
Bright though brief her earthly lot,
She hath left us—mourn her not !

Mourn her not !

Father, mother, wherefore weep ?
She hath laid her down to sleep.
Fair, and young, and undefiled,
Gentle as a little child ;
Hers the rose's opening bloom,
Hers its sweet though early doom ;
Still the friends who loved her well,
All her loveliness shall tell ;
She was, sure, an angel sent
By the Heaven to which she went ;
She hath gone while life was bright,
And her young heart loved its light ;

Had she lingered here awhile,
It had lost its lovely smile ;
And the future, who may tell ?
She hath left us—it is well.

It is well :

Never shall her young heart know
Aught of tenderness or woe,
Never shall her bosom's chords
Feel the pang of bitter words,
Never shall her spirit prove
Grief, or fear, or pain, or love ;
Midnight vigil, secret prayer,
Lonely thought, and deep despair ;
Blighted hopes, and wasted years,
Care, and agony, and tears ;
Oft shall we who linger here,
Torn by doubt, and grief, and fear,

Long to lay the aching head
In her cold and quiet bed,
Long to change our earthly doom,
For her early, blessed tomb !

October, 1847.

INVOCATION.

[FROM AN UNPUBLISHED POEM.]

COME thou to me in dreams,
O spirit of my wild and wandering thought !
From whose bright presence gleams
Each thread of gold in life's dull fabric wrought.

Thou with the loving eyes !
In whose pure glance is mirrored nought but Heaven ;
Each earthly feeling lies
In that soft light, hushed, hallowed, and forgiven.

The hurried hours of day,
Which others call their life, are dreams to me ;
I live where far away
I hold sweet converse, oh beloved ! with thee.

Come to me ! I am weak
With faint, sad longing, come to me mine own !
Let thy soft accents speak,
And fill the silence—else so deeply lone.

Come when the wing of eve,
With shifting red and purple fills the sky ;
Its dreamy hush can leave
No rest within my heart, except when thou art nigh.

Ah, thou art near ! thy hair
Soft floating, waves in glory o'er me now ;
The rosy twilight air
Bathes the white beauty of thy glorious brow.

Thy presence fills the room ;
The hushed dim air is eloquent of thee ;
While thro' the gathering gloom,
Comes to mine ear thy voice of melody.

So flit the hours away,
Lapt, voiceless, in sweet consciousness of thee ;
Till dawn in amice gray
Shall call my seraph visitant from me.

And then I turn to wait,
With sad, sweet patience, such as Hope can give,
Till twilight's closing gate
Brings back the smile in which alone I live.



THE ANSWERED PRAYER.

gatha, fourth daughter of William the Conqueror, was betrothed to Edwin, but the contract was broken by her father, who betrothed her to Alphonzo of Braganza. Being devotedly attached to Edwin, who died in consequence of William's breach of faith, she prayed that she might die before she reached Spain. Her prayer was granted.

THROW back the casement, Ella, haste !

And let the cool night air

Breathe softly on my burning brow,

And on my death-damp hair ;

The hour is near for which I prayed

Each night on bended knee,

The hour is come, and now rejoice !

Rejoice, for I am free !

They say the flowers of Spain are fair,
Her skies of clearest blue,
I shall not cull the orange-buds,
Nor see the heaven's soft hue:
I shall not share its monarch's throne,
Nor pine his captive there,
For God hath loosed me from the chain
I had not strength to bear.

Ay, let it pass ! the exile's grief
Shall shade my soul no more,
My heart is in my English home,
And on my native shore !
Come nearer, Ella ! listen well ;
And keep with steadfast mind
The parting words that I would send
To those I left behind :

Say to the King, whose iron will,
Has sent me here to die,

That even *his* will had not the power
To rule my destiny.

And tell him that his mighty soul
Hath played the conqueror's part,
Yet could not bind so strong a thing
As his weak daughter's heart !

Say to my mother, as she weeps,
Say, that in visions wild,
Her tender face hung o'er the sleep
Of her poor, banished child ;
And tell her when my weary soul
Was hastening to its rest,
Oh ! how I yearned to lay my head
Upon her gentle breast !

And tell my sisters, that in dreams
I heard their dancing feet,
And never note of harp or lute
Came to my ear so sweet ;

And say I would not that my fate
Should cloud their early glee ;
For Heaven is nearer far than Spain,
And they will come to me !

And Ella, Ella ! there is one
Who bears an outlaw's brand,
And hath not where to lay his head
In his own rightful land !
Oh ! seek him when again you tread
Upon dear England's shore,
And bear the last, last words of one
Who shall return no more !

Oh ! tell him that his plighted bride
Was faithful even to death,
And sends to him this parting word
With her last dying breath ;
She bids him nerve his noble heart
To conquer and to bear,

And look unto his lady's God,
Who hears and answers prayer.

And tell him, that if mighty will
And deathless love have power,
My spirit yet shall seek his side
At our sweet trysting hour ;
And bid him wear the badge I gave,
Upon his heart for aye,
In memory of the true, true heart
That beat for him alway.

And tell him, tell him how content,
How joyously I died ;
And that I would not deign to live
To be another's bride !
And say, that when this parting soul
No other pang would know,
He held my spirit back from Heaven,
By lingering here below.

THE COMING OF NIGHT.

CHILD of Earth ! to labor steadfast

Thou hast given the hours of day ;
Ere upon thy couch thou layest

Weary limbs, arise and pray !

Holy thought from earth ascending,

Knocketh at the gate of Heaven,
Seek ! and thou shalt find a blessing,
Ask ! to thee it shall be given.

O'er thy couch angelic watchers

Shall a ceaseless vigil keep,
Ever near thee to defend thee
As thou liest in helpless sleep.

In the solemn hush of midnight,
Comes the rush of viewless wings,
While the dusky air above thee
With unearthly music rings.

Night hath visions for the holy,
Sweet their sleep beneath its veil,
When the soul hath closed its portals,
And laid down its earth-forged mail.

Fringed eyelids softly closing,
Hide this lower world from sight ;
Far away the spirit wanders,
Lost in distant realms of light.

And when Morn's light step advancing,
Opes the curtains of thine eyes,
To pursue thy race with vigor,
Heart renewed shalt thou arise.

Faint not, though the task be weary,
Reach the mark and win the crown ;
Though no vision come to cheer thee,
Lay not yet thine armor down.

Onward ! Onward ! life is glorious !
Step by step thou'lt win the field,
Forward ! forward ! still victorious,—
Thou may'st die, but never yield.

THE WOODS AT TWILIGHT.

THE fastly deepening twilight of the woods,
Weighs on my spirit: for the golden glow,
Which with a mellow radiance lit the hills,
Until their forest-summits seemed to bask
In evening smiles of Heaven, hath faded long,
From the clear West, and twilight's quiet gray
Steals on with silent step, o'er the arched Heaven.
The breeze that stirs the silence of the air,
Hath such a gentle breath, that scarce the leaves
Of the slight willow, in its touches, show
The silver gauze that lines their robes of green.
No sounds are here, save such as twilight breathes,
To the young ear of night. The quiet cow,
Is *lowing homeward* on her nightly way

And far amid the dimness of the shade
Young birds send up their first sweet song to Heaven—
Alone I tread the arches of the woods,
Yet not alone, for all around I feel
The viewless Presence of the Infinite !
His voice is near me in the dewy hush,
The soft, dim silence of the tangled way,
His gentle hand, by strange and lonely paths,
Leads safely on his timid, helpless child ;
And in the path of life wherein I take
With shrinking steps and slow, mine onward way,
I lean upon His arm, who, strong to save
Shall give me courage to press on and on,
Till far beyond earth's lonely night, appears
The morning beams of His eternal day !

GOOD NIGHT.

Good night, Good night ! the chords of memory waken

To those dear words with echoes ever sweet,
Whose soft, strange music from the deep heart taken,
Breathes of loved tones we never more may greet.

Good night, Good night ! while yet its echo lingers

On the faint, dewy fragrance of the air,
Some spirit-harp, touched by unearthly fingers,
Sends up to Heaven its melody of prayer.

Through lattice bars the silent moonbeams peeping,

Fling network radiance on thy couch of snow ;
In the blue deep the patient stars are keeping
Appointed watches o'er the earth below.

Good night ! attendant angels guard thy dreaming ;

Soft spirit-voices whisper in thine ear,

And gentle eyes, full of love's deepest meaning,

Gaze through sleep's veil with glances soft and clear

Good night, Good night ! but ere the night around thee

Wraps her soft mantle, think of those who weep ;

Pray that ere yet her silken folds have bound thee,

They too may rest beneath the wings of sleep.

THE LAST TRIAL.

"The novice started to her feet. As of old, when Herbert called
stine, she responded 'Herbert.' 'Christine, you are free, my
, we will never more part !' 'It is too late ! I am the affianced
he Lord !' replied the Sister Martha Mary."

From an unpublished French novel.

LEAVE me, and tempt me not !

It is not well to call me back again

To scenes long since forgot,

To hope whose very memory is pain.

Leave me ! thou canst not know

What it may cost to build a funeral pyre,

And on the flame to throw

Life's fairest hope and most intense desire.

I shall, I shall forget !
For well my high, sad destiny, I know ;
I do not shrink, and yet
I cannot meet thine eyes ! I pray thee go !

But now my heart was strong,
Firm to endure, and mighty to fulfill ;
Oh, spare me ! it is wrong
To shake my spirit thus at thine own will !

Thy thrilling words renew
Vain longings, that I deemed for ever gone ;
Ah ! what have I to do
With all that speaks in that soft earnest tone

I tremble at thy side,
I who had triumphed, and the victory kept,
Until my soul in pride
Said Love was dead, when lo ! he only slept

Have mercy, and depart !
I am too weak to bear thy presence now—
My full and aching heart
Is faint beneath thy gaze ! In pity go !

Go, and return no more !
Bring not again the bitter cup, now past ;
Its waters running o'er,
Have quenched one light, the loveliest and the last.

When thou shalt hear my name,
Think of me as a lost and loving friend,
Who now no more may claim
One word or look of love ! So let it end !

And I ? I shall not grieve ;
My soul once more shall triumph and be free,
For nought can now bereave
The heart that did not break in losing thee !

THE BUTTERFLY'S VISIT.

COME in, little fairy, I'm sitting alone,
Where the first sunny beam of the morning hath shone ;
And I drink from the cup of the early sweet air,
A draught of oblivion to sorrow and care.
Come light on my finger, and fold your bright wings ;
Fear not I shall injure such beautiful things.
Think you I would harm you ? No, little one, no ;
You wrong me indeed, by imagining so ;
Your delicate pinions now fluttering o'er me,
Bring beautiful dreams of the meadows before me ;
And again with the eye of my spirit I see
Where in armor of gold hangs the wild humble-bee.
My heart springing up as I buoyantly pass
O'er the *daisy-starred* fields in their mantle of grass,

To my ear and my lip as I wander away,
Come the song of the bird and the breath of the hay ;—
And now, fairy insect, away to the fields,
Where summer her harvest abundantly yields.
Tell the birds and the bees how I long to be there,
Where the shadows are cool, and the sunlight is fair ;—
There, dear little rover, I'll meet you ere long,
And hail you again as the sprite of my song ;
You leave me a trace of those exquisite scenes,
Though long be the distance that now intervenes,
Again in the sunlight your velvet wings shine ;
I would that such radiant pinions were mine.
And now, little fairy, I see you no more ;
Good-bye till I meet you again,—Au revoir !

THE LETTER.

"Lucy opened the door softly,—Aunt Mary was reading a letter, upon which her tears fell fast. Often she raised her head and cast a melancholy glance into the mirror, and then, with a deep sigh, resumed her reading."

The History of a Heart, p. 67.

Yes ! his letter is before me ; I have read it o'er and o'er,
And the anguish it hath wakened, shall be mine for ever-
more.

Would that I had never seen it,—would in silence he had
died,

Faithful to the latest moment, to the secret of his pride.

I had then been spared the longing, which shall never,
never sleep ;

I had never known the scalding of the fevered tears I weep.
As I read the faithful record of the breaking of a heart,
Which unaltered, living, dying, acted out its noble part,

Back upon my spirit rushing, come the scenes of other
years;

And my soul is sinking, helpless, in the flooding of its
tears.

Days of music, and of gladness, happy, happy days of
youth;—

Shaded walks, and whispering voices, dreams of love, and
thoughts of truth;

Memories of long buried feelings, thrill my bosom as they
rise,

And a shadow passes near me, looking on one with his
eyes.

As of old my heart awaiteth, with a soft and sudden thrill,
Words upon his lips that tremble, but are left unuttered
still;

Would that they had then been spoken, would our love
had then been known;—

Though our fates were still divided, neither had been so
alone.

Though a lifetime we had lingered, living hopelessly
apart,
Still our souls had been united, one in faith and one in
heart ;
But life's page was not so written, we were separated
wide,
Each to cherish hopeless fondness, till the hour in which
he died ;
Leaving all his deep devotion here recorded line by line,
From beyond the grave returning token from his heart to
mine.
Heavy are mine eyes with weeping, reading of his noble
truth,
Mourning o'er the broken ruins of our fair and wasted
youth ;
Looking on the faded features that he used to think so
fair,
And the dark hair, silver-threaded, whitened less with
time than care.

•

Yet I mourn not his departure—happy, happier far than
Never more his breast shall quiver with the heaving of
sigh :

I am left alone to languish, I am left alone to weep ;
Weary is my heart with aching, yet I cannot, cannot
sleep ;

For again I see his letter, cannot choose but read it o'er
And an useless, deep regretting, shall be mine for ever
more !

THE POWER OF MUSIC.

O sing ! I would have music,
For my soul is sad to-night,
And the voice of twilight soundeth
Like the knell of past delight.

A soft and solemn anthem
In the tones of other years,
My heart would ease its throbbing
In the flow of quiet tears.

Sing to me, I am weary
Of the tumult and the strife,
The ceaseless, ceaseless struggle
Of *this* wild and changing life.

Thy young, sad voice comes to me
With a soft and thrilling power,
Like the sound of trickling waters
In the breathless noontide hour.

I forget the restless aching
Of this sad and weary heart,
For thy tones, like angel music,
Bid each thought of earth depart.

As the harp of little David
Calmed the mood of Israel's king,
So a holy silence closeth
O'er my soul when thou dost sing.

The fever of thought shall vanish
At the music of thy voice,
While the evil spirit flieth,
And the holy ones rejoice.

January, 1847.

FAR AWAY.

My home is on the sunny deep,

Far, far away,

Where water sprites their vigils keep

Far, far away ;

Where bright billows dance around

With their ever soothing sound,

Gayly doth our light-bark bound,

Far, far away.

Where doth the silvery moonlight rest,

Far, far away,

Upon the ocean's glassy breast,

Far, far away ;

' Neath those soft and paly beams,
Merrily our pennant streams,
Dreamily the white sail gleams,
Far, far away.

Oh well we love that boundless sea,
Far, far away,
The home of spirits wild and free,
Far, far away ;
With our brave bark for our home,
Merrily we onward roam,
Dancing o'er the wavy foam,
Far, far away.

A DESTINY.

ANGEL wand'rer here below,
Strayed from some far higher sphere,
Seeking vainly here to know
Joys, no mortal findeth here,—
Askest thou to learn of me
What thy destiny shall be ?

By thy deep and dreaming eye,
By the soul-light of thy brow,
Thou art bound by scarce a tie,
To the world that holds thee now,—
This is not the home for thee,
Child of Immortality.

In thy musings, lone and high,
Still the load of earthly things
Like a fetter-chain doth lie,
On thy radiant spirit-wings,
And thou pinest to be free,
Heir of Immortality.

Here below, an outer life,
Lower far than that within,
Hides thy glorious spirit's strife,
Pining deathless love to win.
Thou, a spirit from above,
Dreamest of a spirit's love.

'Tis in vain, to earthly hand
Never shall the power be given,
To divide the viewless band
Which unites thee still to Heaven,—
Earth can give no rest to thee,
Young in Immortality.

Here a little space to feel
Earthly wants and earthly woes,
Ever struggling to conceal
Visions which thy spirit knows,
Till on earth alone to be
Strong in Immortality.

Then to burst the heavy chain,
Free from doubt, and sin, and care,
While thy pinions, strong again,
Waft them to thy native air :—
This thy Destiny shall be,
Lost in Immortality.

WHOSOEVER WILL, LET HIM COME."

**COME to the House of God !
From the sweet silence of the dawn
Comes forth the young and joyous Morn,
And prints the dewy sod,—
Come to the House of God !**

**Come, fair and gentle child !
Bring from thy soft untroubled rest,
Within the sheltered parent-nest,
Thy young thoughts, fresh and wild,
An homage undefiled !**

Come, man of thought and care !
Come near, and bend that stern sad brow
Before thy Maker's presence now !
He heareth that still prayer,
And giveth strength to bear !

Come, thou whose feeble tread
Still lingers on life's desert shore,
Come, seek thy Father's face once more ;
And on thine aged head
His blessings shall be shed !

Come, lonely mourner, come !
Come up, and hear His promise sweet,
That still the loved of earth may meet
In that far future home,
Where tears may never come !

Come, weary one, and sad,
Turn from the world that heart oppressed !
Thy Father waits to give thee rest.
Let not thy heart be sad,
For He shall make thee glad !

Children of Life and Death !
Heirs of the world beyond the grave,
He calleth, who is strong to save !
And, at His healing breath
Your sorrow vanisheth !

How holy is this place !
And silently each footstep falls,
As shadows cross the Temple walls,
And meek and thoughtful grace,
Rests upon every face !

How soft the silence falls !
Childhood and age, in union sweet
Are kneeling at their Savior's feet !
They answer to his call,
His peace is with them all !

**“ARE THEY NOT ALL MINISTERING
SPIRITS?”**

ARE they not all bright ministers,
Sent from the viewless dwelling of the blest ?
Do they not bring to the sad bosoms here
All holy thoughts of rest ?

Soft sounds, sweet influences,
Come with the night-wind, as it murmurs nigh,
Deep whisperings, breaking to the heart's quick ear,
Are floating gently by.

The fair and restless dreams
Of day, are silent in that holy hour,
When o'er the hushed soul, those angelic tones
Come with a loving power.

The murmuring soul is stilled
 By that soft veiled presence in the air ;
 All high resolves, all holy thoughts come near,
 To make their dwelling there.

Alas ! they pass away,
 Borne onward in the bosom of the night,
 That we may feel how dark this earth would be,
 Without their cheering light.

The music of sweet thoughts,
 The spirit symphonies, all, all are fled,
 Leaving the soul as desolate and still
 As thought itself were dead.

Return, bright messengers !
 Bring on your viewless wings a healing balm,
 Teach us upon life's wild and heaving sea
 To float, and yet be calm.

August, 1847.

ST. VALENTINE'S DAY.

I SEND thee a gift, for the herald of Spring
Hath come from the south with his rose-tinted wing ;
And gladly I listen his young voice to hear,
As on his soft pinions he bends to my ear.
His delicate breath tells of buds that are blown,
In the bright orange groves where the snow is unknown ;
And he brings from the land where the breeze is at play,
A thought of thee, love, on St. Valentine's Day.

Not yet to thy far northern home may he bring
The song of the bird and the breath of the Spring,
But when closely the circle is drawn round the blaze
And young, *happy faces* are lit by his rays,

When all in that home is so bright and so warm,
He sends on the wings of the wild eastern storm,
A leaf from a far-distant friend who would say,
Remember me, love, on St. Valentine's Day.

May the years, which spread out their long vista be
thee,
Be bright as the sky which in Spring bendeth o'er th
And the love which inshrines thee, still beam on thy v
On many a future St. Valentine's Day.

THE LAMENT OF THE WATCHER.

THE night is still—the mournful wind is sweeping
Through fresh young leaves that dash against the
moonlit pane,
Alone I wake while all the world is sleeping,
And pray and weep in vain.

Thou sleep'st, dear friend, no lonely anguish wringeth
Thy loving heart, nor creepeth through thy visions
bright.
Oh sleep, sleep on ! the heart that to thee clingeth,
Prays for thy rest to-night.

I have no will, nor power, to question whether
This bitter grief be born of selfishness and sin,
I only know that we no more together
Can be as we have been !

I know I never, never more shall hearken
To greet thy step, nor smile to hear thy distant tone,
I feel how suddenly my life will darken
When thou, its light, art gone !

I weep to think how grass-grown and how lonely,
The garden-walks will be when thou art absent there ;
The violets which thy hand hath tended only,
Will droop without thy care !

Thou wilt not tread the forest shade beside me,
As thou wert wont to do in days of yore,
In mountain paths thy ready hand shall guide me
With watchful care, no more !

The fair wild flowers will speak as thou hast taught them,
Their young sweet breath is but a memory of thee ;
How oft from field and forest thou hast brought them
Fresh and dew-wet to me !

Yes, all is past ! and daylight comes to sever
My dreams, my hopes, my love, my spirit's youth from
me ;
And thou and I, on earth no more together,
As we have been, shall be !

January, 1848.





5
NT
AM





